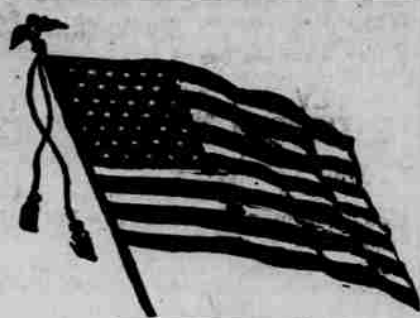


BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XVII.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1900.

NUMBER 22.



DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President,
WILLIAM J. BRYAN.
For Vice President,
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.
For Congress, 7th District,
CLAUDE DUVAL.
For Senator, 35th District,
GEORGE B. ROSS.

Kansas State Ticket.

For Governor, JOHN W. BREIDENBACH.
For Lieutenant Governor, MAY A. M. HARVEY.
For Secretary of State, E. J. WESTGATE.
For State Auditor, CORWAY MAMMALL.
For Sup't. of Insurance, WEN MCNALL.
For Attorney General, HUGH P. FARRELLY.
For State Sup't. of Schools, LEVI HUMBARGER.
For Associate Justice, DAVID MARTIN.
For Congressman at Large, J. D. BOTKIN.
For Presidential Electors,
J. B. FOWLER, C. P. CARSTENSON,
H. J. ROYCE, J. D. GORRISON,
R. W. TURNER, JAMES FALLOON,
TAYLOR RIDDLE, F. M. BRADY,
C. H. NICHOLAS, JAMES BECK.

Barton County Ticket.

For Representative, M. W. COBURN.
For County Attorney, JAS. W. CLARKE.
For County Sup't., B. J. HENNESSY.
For District Clerk, W. B. LUCAS.
For Probate Judge, W. P. FEDER.
For County Printer, D. T. ARMSTRONG.
For Commissioner, 2 Dist., S. S. SHATTUCK.

ONLY A FARMER, AND NOTHING MORE.

The following tribute to the farming class was delivered by Hon. Webster Davis in an address before the State Conventions at Fort Scott. It is a truthful and merited tribute to that class of our citizenship which is every day being more universally recognized as the mainstay of the Republic.

"Not long ago in the capital of our republic I took occasion to tell of the heroism and chivalry of the fighting Boer, when a British sympathizer remarked 'O, he is only a farmer and nothing more.' Then I thought of the men who in the long ago planted the first germs of civilization in South Africa, whose fathers followed William the Silent when he wrested liberty from the hand of the Spanish tyrant, and I remembered they were only farmers and nothing more. And who was it that fought the wild beasts and the still wilder savages of that mysterious land in order to lay the foundation of two splendid republics, for the happiness of their posterity. It was only farmers and nothing more.

"Ah yes, it was only a farmer and nothing more, who climbed the steep sides of the Majuba hill to drive from its summit the soldiers of British tyranny and oppression, and who at Bronkhurst Spruit, and Laing's Nek, fought like chivalrous knights of old for liberty, justice and equality.

"It was only a farmer and nothing more who at Spion's Kop performed deeds of valor unsurpassed in the annals of war, who, leaping like a panther from boulder to boulder, ascended that hill amid a fearful storm of leaden hail, and covered its summit with wounded and dying British, and hurled the survivors back across the Tugela river.

"It was only a farmer and nothing more who in the embankments of Modder river with but 3,000 comrades, with only four cannon and two Maxims, for six days held in check the flower of the British army consisting of 40,000 men under command of the greatest general of the British empire, with 100 of the greatest cannon to be found in all the world, but finally yielding to overwhelming numbers and now lies dreaming at St. Helena of liberty and a future republic.

"I remember, too, that in our

own land, it was only a farmer and nothing more, that poured out the crimson tide of his life on Lexington green, as a willing sacrifice on liberty's altar, who suffered with Washington amid the sorrows of Valley Forge; and who at Saratoga, Monmouth, Bunkerhill and Brandywine, performed deeds of valor that welded his name to glory and undying fame.

"It was only a farmer and nothing more who stood with brave old Andrew Jackson behind the cotton bales at New Orleans and taught old England that easier were it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than to force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free, and who at Chapultapec, Palo Alto, Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista carried the banner of the republic to triumph and glory.

"It was only a farmer and nothing more who climbed the side of Missionary Ridge over shrieking muskets, belching cannon and valiant men to pluck the flower of victory that blossomed upon its crest, and who walked above the clouds on Lookout mountain, swept down the valley of the Shenandoah, and marched as a conquering host from Atlanta to the sea.

"It was only a farmer and nothing more that stood like a granite wall at Gettysburg as the mightiest tidal wave of war in all the world rolled against him, and receding left him the victorious defender of the Union he loved so well.

"Ah, yes it was only a farmer and nothing more, who in all the battles of the past fought bravely for the old flag until finally upon its staff the God of our nation brought the eagle of victory to nestle with the sweet dove of peace.

"And in the future as in the past, it is only a farmer and nothing more that will be the safeguard of our nation and will protect our republic from the clutches of agents of selfish, greedy monarchies, and still more selfish, greedy trust owners, and will let it be known of all men that liberty has erected its altars upon our mountains, in our valleys, on our spreading plains and amid our picturesque wood lands, and the weary, deserting pilgrim from every land and clime may come to worship at those shrines—shrines so long as chivalry girds on a sword, shrines where patriot knees will bend in all the years that are yet to be."

Poor old Queen Victoria! In her declining days she is having more than her share of trouble. She has been a good queen—as queens go—and we believe has tried to steer the people into better ways. But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and we very much believe that before the frosted head of Queen Victoria is laid away in its last resting place its fading eyes will see the downfall of boasted English power, a scattering of those elements of strength that have made Britain great. Her colonial system will be her undoing. Already the vast majority of her citizenship are deploring the course of self-aggrandizement that has plunged the land into devastating war; already her people are crying out against spending millions of dollars to depress one of her dependencies while hundreds of thousands of people in another dependency are dying of starvation. And yet, there are in this grand republic of the United States, men who are planning and scheming to place this country in the same position. They are not the common people, not the producers, but the specu-

tors, the blood-suckers, the men who place money above man, who talk of expansion of commerce for the sake of the dollar alone, and who would sacrifice millions of human lives to open up new fields for money-making. England has her Cecil Rhodes; the United States has Mark Hanna.

KANSAS republicans are not able to get together on what is the "paramount issue" of the republican fight this year. Some of them give their ideas in signed statements in the *Wail & Sneeze* of last week. Gov. Stanley says the issue is "prosperity," that the thinking men of Kansas credit the republican party with bringing good wheat crops, etc. The Governor further states that "the financial issue is dead, imperialism is a bugbear, and trust issue a pretense." But there are others of the high-muck-a-mucks of Kansas republicanism who disagree with W. Eugene. Ex. Gov. E. N. Morrill says "the paramount issue in this campaign is the currency question." I have

Mulvane, national committee man who succeeded Boss Cy Leland, says "trusts and imperialism." Bill Morgan, state printer, says "Bill McKinley is the paramount issue." Judge E. H. Ellis says "imperialism." Boss Leland says "anything to win." So, you see they differ widely as to what is "the paramount issue" from a Kansas republican standpoint; and none of those quoted agree with the governor. Before long they will doubtless get together and adopt Boss Cy's motto of: Any old issue, so long as we can fool the people and get the offices.

It is now quite evident that I. P. Campbell is one of two things: A narrow brained egotist who believes that Sedgwick county is the whole 7th district of Kansas and his by right of chicanery; or he is a mercenary traitor to the party he claims allegiance to, and is receiving pay from the republicans to make all the confusion he can in the interests of Chester I. Long, the republican candidate for congress. His recent statements, that the democratic delegates were all drunk when Duval was nominated at Great Bend, and his avowed intention to "fight every democrat on the fusion state and national ticket unless Mr. Duval withdraws from the race" brand him as a fool, to put it mild. The interview in which he libels the democratic convention, and threatens to join the republican aid society is published in every republican paper in Kansas, as he knew it would be, and he doubtless hoped to do all the injury he could before being forced off the ticket by his own committee—as he undoubtedly ought to be.

In 1898 Teddy Roosevelt made affidavit, in Washington, that he was not a citizen of New York, the affidavit being made to avoid paying taxes in New York. But soon after he accepted the nomination for governor of New York—the state where he swore out of paying taxes. But little irregularities like that are thought to be very cute by republican politicians. Teddy is also credited with making the statement that "all democrats were traitors, etc." No self-respecting democrat will vote for Roosevelt.

McKinley and Roosevelt clubs with Populists in their membership seem to be becoming common in Kansas.—Cliffin Clarion.

RATS! You do not know of a single club of that kind, and you know you don't. Better fall back on that "boiler plate" editorial furnished by your bosses, and you will make yourself less ridiculous.

REMEMBER, reader, that England has put India under the gold standard. Prosperous (?) India! Happy, hilarious India! Hundreds of thousands of her people starving to death every year; what a wonderful benefit to India is the gold standard! All you Anglo-American gold-bugs should glory in the prosperity of India, and pray for the day when the single gold standard brings "the common herd" in the United States to the same happy condition.

EVEN rock-ribbed republican Shawnee county is in labor, and the result will be the resignation of at least seven members of the republican county central committee, who cannot swallow the Stanley hypocrisy, and announce that they propose to support the democratic candidate for governor, John Breidenbath. Kansas republicans who assert their manhood and desert the old Hannanized craft are becoming more numerous every day.

EX-PRESIDENT Harrison is an Abe Lincoln republican who is not standing by Mc. and Mark in their hour of trouble. Then there are Edmonds and Botwell, and Reed, and—but the list is growing so long that we can probably easier give the names of those who still swallow mercenary republicanism, with trust sugar coating. Tell your republican neighbors about this—they will not read it in their party papers.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT the toothy terror from tarantula town; John Judas Ingalls, the spotaneously spook of the past; and I. P. Campbell, the bullet-headed hornet from Wichita, seem to trot in the same class as democrathaters. Wonder how many democrats in Kansas will show their "love" for either of the jaundiced trio by giving them comfort and encouragement at the polls?

O'BLENNIS of the Cliffin Clarion squirms and wriggles about like an impotent little gartersnake because the DEMOCRAT tramped on his tail and made fun of his "boiler plate" editorials. Say, Oscar, we have not the least thing in the world against you personally; only a broad contempt for your political methods; a pity for your inability to edit your paper yourself.

IN EASTERN Kansas a few days ago forty-two drummers on an eastbound Missouri Pacific train voted for president. When the poll was counted it was found that forty of the forty-two were for Bryan and two for McKinley. The traveling men know what McKinley and the trusts are doing for them.

B. A. HOVEY, of Wichita, a republican who four years ago did much campaign work for the republican national ticket, deserts the gold bug party and announces himself ready to enter the campaign for Bryan and Breidenbath.

The Walnut Creek Milling Co.

WILL PAY

\$1.00 Per Bushel Wheat.

For the BEST Load of Wheat.

For the Best Load of Wheat delivered at our Mill in Great Bend between now and October 3d, 1900, the date of opening of the Barton County Fair, we will pay \$1.00 a bushel, conditioned as follows:

The wheat to be settled for on date of delivery at market price; balance to be paid after close of the Fair. A Sample of ONE PECK will be taken from the load and placed in the hands of IRA D. BROUGHER, President of the Fair Association, to be put on EXHIBITION AT THE FAIR, and the sample which is pronounced The Best by the Judges of Grain selected by the Fair Association will be paid the difference between \$1.00 per bushel and the amount previously paid.

Wheat must be just as it comes from the machine—no extra cleaning. Each contestant will be required to give the following information concerning the wheat entered:

Kind of Soil.	Whether pastured or not.
How ground was prepared.	Date of cutting.
Date of seeding.	Date of threshing.
Kind of seed.	No. of bushels per acre yield.
Amount of seed to acre.	No. of acres in field.

The object of above proposition is to secure extra good samples to put on exhibition at the Fair, and to obtain all the information possible as to the best manner of raising wheat.

THE RESULT of the contest, with a report of the different methods of production, will be published in the DEMOCRAT after the awards are made.

WALNUT CREEK MILLING CO.

Man vs Dog.

A Dutchman once said to his dog: "My dog, you have a schnap. You was only a dog und I'm a man, but I wish I was you. Effery vay you haf the best of it. Ven you want to go mit the bed in, you shust duras 'round 'tree times und lay down. Ven I go mit the bed in, I haf ter lock up the place und vind the clock, und undress myself und my wife wakes up und scolds me, den the baby cries und I haf to walk him up and down, den bymy ven I shust get to sleep it's time to get up again. Ven you get up you stretch yourself und scratch yourself a couple of times und you are up. I haf to dress myself und light the fire und put on the kittle, scrap some mit mine wife already, und den maybe I gets some breakfast. You play around all day und have plenty of fun. I haf to work hard all day und have trouble plenty. Ven you die you still haf the best of me, you shust lay still. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

Not for Cousin Bill.

P. H. McKinley is one of the wealthiest farmers and stock men of Harper county, Kansas, living near Freeport. He announces publicly that he will vote the straight democratic ticket this year. Mr. McKinley is a cousin of President Wm. McKinley, and has been a republican for forty years. He won \$2,000 four years ago on the election of his relative.

"You can say for me," he said to a reporter last Wednesday, "that I would rather vote this year for the Prince of Wales for president than for William McKinley. I will vote for Bryan because I think his election is the only thing that can save the republic."

Governor Roosevelt made a bad break when he declared in a public speech that all Democrats were cowards, lawless and corrupt. Of course, the Governor knows better than this, and it was only his tongue that ran away with him, but his words are likely to prove as great a curse to him as Burchard's famous remark did to James G. Blaine.—Cimmarron Jacksonian.

THE DEMOCRAT, one dollar

It Burns Easily.

There is a great difference in the way fuel is burned. Put a green stick in the stove and then a similar piece after the sap or water has evaporated from it. Of course you know one burns much more readily than the other. It is just so with the fuel which we take into the body in the form of food. Of all known fats and oils, cod liver oil heads the list in the ease with which it is oxidized or burned up. In Scott's Emulsion you get this food free from disagreeable odor and taste. All delicate children should take it, for it gives them rich blood, strong muscles and keeps them plump and hearty.

Oh, would I were a boy again and could feel as I used to feel, with my toe tied up with a cotton rag and a stone bruise on my heel. Would that I could go as I used to go, down to the old swimmin' hole and lie on the bank where the grass was dank, or on the sand where I used to roll. I would watch 'em ride through the "slicker slide," where I had placed the mussel shell; I would see them go a naked row and hear the victims yell. I would feel the whack on my sunburned back of my father's heavy paw, and insist that sweat had made my hair wet, when explainin' the thing to maw. Oh, for the taste that I use to have and the appetite I wean. I'd hike to the park for elm bark and fill up with apples green. I would tie a pan or a rattling can to the stray dog's swinging tail, and watch the whelp with howl and yelp go bounding down the trail.—Ex.

We will pay 90 cents a dozen for all Plover in good condition. McNOWN & HAYES.

When you come to town tomorrow, while waiting for the circus parade, just drop into the DEMOCRAT office—it may do both you and the DEMOCRAT man some good—who knows?

Dry weather has cut the Barton county corn crop considerably. But outside of the lower lands along the Arkansas, and the part of the county south of the river, not much effort is made to raise corn here. The hay crop has also been shortened some by lack of rains.

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums, may have them free. Address No. 4027c. The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Attention! Country Ladies?

Do you know what we are paying for Butter and Eggs? It will Pay You to Investigate. We sell Groceries as LOW as anybody, according to quality of goods.

YOURS, FOR BUSINESS,

"THE UP-TO-DATE-GROCERS,"
Woodward Grocery Company.